

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA



MRS. SNIVELY'S BASKET

When Mrs. Snively began to keep a boarding house...

The night before Mrs. Grant had told her that she proposed to spend the next day with her daughter in a neighboring village...

Then at breakfast, early breakfast, young Mr. Lovelace had said in a very hesitating way...

That left no one in the house but old Miss Le Croix, and she was confined to her room with rheumatism...

"Let's see. What's to-day? Day before yesterday I made bread. Or was it yesterday? Yesterday. So to-day is Saturday and to-morrow is Sunday. Let's see. Last March a year ago, it's fourteen lasting months since I've been inside a church...

What busy hours succeeded, preparing for the expected church-going on the morning of the house for Sunday, because "the folks wouldn't be back till too late to mess things up again, thanks be to goodness..."

There were not quite enough potatoes for Sunday's dinner, so she went out to a large garden back of the house...

She took up her dinner on a neat tray to rheumatic old Miss Le Croix, who must have felt particularly cross just then...

"Hub! You'd better make your apologies to the Lord," granted Miss Le Croix, taking up the prayer book which lay beside her reclining chair...

Mrs. Snively thought that a queer remark from Miss Le Croix, but bowed herself confusedly out of the room...

So she put on her marketing garb, a uniform only less wonderful than her housekeeping attire, and with an immense basket on her arm, sallied forth.

born old woman in it. How finely people are getting to dress. I'm sure I don't see how they afford it...

Mrs. Snively soon grew jolly again, as a laughing, happy crowd of children came jostling toward her...

A square or two further she began to come to the stores. "What's the post office closed for? Some government holiday, I suppose...

Here Mrs. Snively's surprise became inarticulate, for she turned a corner on a long row of stores...

"I want to know, John Boardman," began Mrs. Snively, snarling, "why all these business houses are closed. What sort of a new fangled holiday is this?"

"Sunday! Joan Boardman, are you telling me that this is Sunday?" "Of course, it's Sunday! Why, what did I..."

But Mrs. Snively, big basket, marketing and all, a seared, flustering, comical little figure, was already half a square away, sending along with a sore heart, half shrieking, half defiant.

Mrs. Snively went home through by-ways, feeling woefully conspicuous, and quite like a feminine Rip Van Winkle. When she reached her great, lonely house, she set the big basket down on the kitchen table...



"DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN KEEPING SUNDAY?"

down on the kitchen table and herself on a kitchen chair, and stout-hearted till then, indulged in a good cry. It was not merely the loss of the benediction and Coronation, great as that disappointment was...

By supper time, however, she had regained her natural, brave content, and as all the lodgers returned in good humor from their various Sunday relaxations...

Now it chanced that Mr. and Mrs. Gowell were, like the most of us, selfish only from laziness and carelessness. When opportunity for a kindness was pressed upon them they were warm of heart...

"We want you to go to church with us to-morrow, Mrs. Snively, and we'll all be well pleased with a cold, late lunch. Our carriage will call for us at ten."

Thereafter Mrs. Snively's life had Sunday in it.—Prof. Amos E. Wells, in N. Y. Observer.

A MANCHU WEDDING.

Christian and Barbarian Rites Curiously Commingled.

All things to all men is evidently the rule of Christian missionaries in Manchuria. They are making use in that savage country of the characteristic ways and manners of the people...

"The invitations to the festivities," he says, "were brought to us on large scarlet cards. Our arrival was preceded by that of our servant bearing a gift of money for each guest was supposed to contribute a sum, nominally a wedding present, really towards the expenses of the feast..."

"The bride, shrouded from head to foot in a long faded crimson robe, with a piece of thick scarlet silk over her head and face, was seated on a mat of red felt—red being the lucky color—on the 'kang,' or brick bed..."

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exhausted, they dropped breathless on the doorstep. The camera was then produced, and a long wrangle ensued as to the amount for which they would consent to be photographed...

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.

Rambles of a Fashion-Lover Among the Various Shops.

The tiny medicine cups have a decided vogue. Incised ornament has become cheap and commonplace.

A bronze galleon with sails spread and a man at the helm has a chromo-set in the center of the sail.

A new soap rack is a standard with graceful narrow chased bands in a sort of Greek fret design in which an oval cake of soap is held.

Lovely perforated silver racks are for postal cards; they have two small perforated receptacles at the sides for two denominations of postage stamps.

A tennis racquet with bells on the sides and an ivory handle is a baby rattle. Another amusing rattle is a negro boy in dark oxidized metal with a silver bell in each hand mounted on an ivory handle.

Library sets of the larger sort have a mesquite between the two ponderous cut-glass bottles. This is a square silver repousse box with a cover.

Colored glass bowls with silver mountings are for berries. Some have brackets for the berry spoons.

There is a great choice in berry services. A large imposing model held the shallow cut-glass bowl on a high standard. Below were four branches holding each a small berry dish for serving...

WHAT HE HEARD.

The Midnight Adventure of an Eminent Chicago Jurist.

A few night's ago Judge —, weary with his day's work, laid his head upon his downy pillow and was soon lost in sleep. When he gets asleep he can generally be depended upon to keep quiet...

At this juncture he heard a loud thud as of something heavy dropping, and it was evident that there was more than one burglar, for there was a suppressed laugh and voices were distinguished. Should he call upon his wife for aid, or should he show himself a man and meet the sound alone?

It is a very different thing to meet a party of burglars in one's own house from what it is to sit upon the bench and pass judgment upon them. His honor paused and the perspiration started. Finally he mustered courage to say in his most authoritative way, "Who's there?"

With his rifle barrel he pushed the door aside and confronted his oldest daughter's best young man, who stood with an enormous watermelon in his hand. Behind came the judge's lovely daughter with a bowl of cracked ice.

SILVER AND GEMS.

Novel and Handsome Designs at the Jewellers.

Cut glass crackler jars have plain silver covers. A flood of enameled bow-knots of every hue are in the market.

A turtle brooch has a pearl back surrounded by olivines and a diamond head. Coiled silver snakes, oxidized with colored heads, are of every sort for scarf pins.

A new lamp is a silver pitcher with handles on both sides, and a globe covered with perforated silver shade.

The branching silver candlesticks uniting in a common stem crossed with perforated trellis work are a novelty. Coffee and ice cream spoons, with shell tips and shell mounting carried half way down the gilt bowls, are pretty.

Silver shaving cups have a whole illustrated novel as it were chased on the outside. Here are lords, ladies, terraces, bands and all the paraphernalia of a high-class love story.

Harlequin sets of coffee spoons are made with different flower handles. The pansy, rose, forget-me-not, pea and the rest of the garden, with greenish-tinted foliage, come in sets.

Silver buckles are in the largest demand at the present moment, whether accompanied or not by the silver belt. Those in metal chains or flexible wire are preferred to the solid elaborate raised-work belts.

Why do the jewelers all make belt buckles convex, thus contradicting the feminine outlines? They should be concave. The Russian buckles from Paris, which are concave, are among the prettiest that can be found.

Enameled silver pins take chiefly the form of flowers. The sweet pea is beautifully copied in all its exquisite tints. Maiden's hair fern and white currants are two pretty examples. The double violet also reigns, and the open-petaled roses and daisies.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

Foreign Critics Pronounce Our Orchestras Superior to Those of Europe.

The fine arts were not sought after in the early history of our land. Men occupied with extensive problems in government had neither time nor opportunity to give to that most divine of all human endeavors, "Music, sweet heavenly maid." Fifty years ago, Mallbran and other operatic stars made a brief success here, but the general record of musical projects was one of spirited enterprises and discouraging failures.

Today there are thousands of our best buildings distributed all over the states for the purpose of concerts, the opera, colleges of music, etc. There are in many instances managed by men who spare neither pains nor expense to secure the best talent the world can afford. St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco and New Orleans are centers of cultivation in vocal and instrumental music, while Milwaukee and Cincinnati have irradiated musical culture through the northwest and the southeast respectively.

Even Montana, Idaho and other western states are continually increasing their facilities for the entertainment and elevation of the people by means of harmony and song.

Vocal music is not practiced so extensively in the United States as in the older countries of Europe. The massive choruses of the Crystal palace and Albert hall, London, and the Birmingham Triennial festival, England, have yet to be heard here. But they are coming, and coming apace.

As a stone in the other pocket, competent critics and foreigners at that, have pronounced American orchestras superior to European ones. The performances of Thomas, Damrosch and Albert Hall, London, and the Birmingham Triennial festival, England, have yet to be heard here. But they are coming, and coming apace.

There has been for the past half century a continual advance in our adaptation for the best and noblest music. The great fair of next year will visibly mark the cosmopolitan progress. Why should it not leave an indelible stamp for good upon the history of music in the United States?—N. Y. Ledger.

A SACRIFICE, INDEED.

"But, my dear Harold—I cannot marry you. You can't support a wife on your salary."

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

Roasted Ham.—Place slices of ham on a hot gridiron and boil until the meat is slightly browned; then with a knife and fork take from the gridiron and drop into a pan of cold water; then return to the gridiron; repeat several times; then place on a platter with some bits of butter, and serve at once.—Housekeeper.

Veal Soup.—Put one onion, half a cupful of rice, and a knuckle of veal, with the bones broken, in two quarts of cold water, to simmer slowly for two or three hours. Then beat the yolks of two eggs in half a pint of sweet cream, with a teaspoonful of salt and a little cayenne pepper. Pour this into the soup; let it boil up once, then pour through a colander into a tureen and serve.—Housekeeper.

Cocoanut Pie.—Grate a cocoanut after removing the outer shell and the inner skin, and strain the milk it contains through a cloth; beat the yolks of three eggs, the rind and juice of half a lemon, and four tablespoons of granulated sugar until foamy; add a spoonful at a time, the grated cocoanut, its milk, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten stiff; cover with strips of crust, and bake three-quarters of an hour in a good oven.—Harper's Bazar.

A beaten biscuit is a southern dish. It calls for two quarts of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and two heaping tablespoonfuls of lard, and milk enough to make a stiff dough. Flour it and roll it out, then lay it on a stone slab or firm wooden board and pound it with a mallet or large rolling-pin. The dough must be pounded one hour, until it rises in blisters and cleaves from the board. There is a machine for pounding this dough to be found in Baltimore, where this is a favorite bread. We do not know whether it can be found elsewhere or not.—N. Y. Tribune.

Stewed Squashes.—No one should say that she does not like squash until she has tried the following: Gather summer squashes when they are only about the size of an egg, wash them and boil without peeling until tender; then dress them with a cream sauce made. They are so different from the ordinary squash when gathered so small that they taste like a different vegetable. The small squashes sold at the stores are good cooked in this way, but they are not gathered for the market small enough to be as dainty as the tiny ones.—Christian Inquirer.

One of the things which the country farm house is not likely to have is lead water, or even sufficiently cool water. Cool mountain springs read rhythmically, but they often taste very warm. An exchange gives us rather a new notion the old one of keeping water cool in flannel-wrapped vessels. It serves, however, as a good suggestion at this time, when almost everybody has gone or is going somewhere for the summer. If the "somewhere" is not a hotel with all modern improvements, ice water included, get a common earthenware picher, the commoner the better, as it will be the more porous, wrap it all around, leaving no inch of it bare, with wet flannel. Keep the flannel wet and the water will shortly be as cold as is good for drinking purposes, almost ice cold.—N. Y. Times.

Sweetbreads.—Take a knuckle of veal, two onions, a small piece of bacon, and three pints of water. Let it cook until it has boiled to a jelly, then strain the gravy from the meat and add to it a spoonful of browned flour. Cut the gristle from eight sweetbreads, pour the boiling water over them, then throw them into cold water, lard on one side, and salt the gravy to taste. Place the sweetbreads in a saucepan so as not to touch each other, the lard side down. Let them stew slowly, turning them when they are done on one side. They should be turned but once and should be cooked slowly for an hour, then placed in a pan in the oven, and allowed to bake until they are well-glazed and shiny. If there is no oven, put them in a pan before the fire.—Housekeeper.

THE TICKET SELLERS PARROT.

Even in Adversity It Remained True to Its Training.

Ben Lusbie, who for fifteen years was one of the greatest features of Barnum's circus in the capacity of "lightning ticket seller," had a wonderful parrot, which had been presented to him by one of the canvassers of the show, who was at one time a sailor on a steamer plying between Boston and Fernandez, in the Bahamas. Lusbie used to have a way of quieting the scrambling mob of the ticket-purchasers around the ticket wagon by saying: "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen. 'There's plenty of time.' 'Don't crowd each other.' 'One at a time, gentlemen,' and such like expressions. The parrot, which was perched upon the safe in the wagon just back of Lusbie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour and often broke out in a piercing squawk with one of them, much to Lusbie's amusement. The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, broke loose from her fetters one day and flew over into a neighboring woods, near the circus grounds.

A searching party was made up, and they had not proceeded far before they heard a vast racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene they found poor Polly clinging as best she could to the limb of a dead tree, surrounded by a screaming flock of crows. The parrot had only two or three tail feathers left, and the hostile crows were striking, pecking and plucking her right and left. Hanging on as best she could the parrot was shrilly screaming: "One at a time, gentlemen! 'Don't crowd there! 'Take your time! 'There's plenty more left.'—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Superstitions Work.

Mrs. Billus—Mary, you needn't waste any time dusting those balusters.

Domestic—I thought yes, told me Mrs. Gumpus was a coming the day for a visit.

Mrs. Billus—Yes, but her three little boys are coming with her.—Chicago Tribune.